THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1802. [NO. XXXVII.

A BALL-ROOM DRESS.

"PRAY," said I to the woman of the shop where I stopped to purchase a pair of gloves, "what purpose is that splendid apparel designed for?"

She had in her hands a quantity of glistening muslin, and lace, and was busy when I entered in reducing it to form and order with the needle. It was intended, she told me, to be worn one night at a ball.

"*One night!*" said I, "and no more?"

"One night only. It would be highly indecent to appear in it a second time."

"Well; and when finished it is to be put on in the evening, displayed in a company of twenty or thirty, in a large room, and then laid aside forever. And how much must the lady pay for the opportunity of thus exhibiting herself?"

The whole dress, perhaps, may come to about four hundred dollars.

"*Four hundred dollars!* surely you are jesting; or, at least, mistaken. You must mean forty dollars."

"No, no, I mean four hundred."

"What, for a garment that is to be worn only for a few hours."

"Only for a few hours."

Why, all *my* earnings, by the unremitted application of my pen, in a public office, for twelve months, amount only to that sum; and that sum enables me to purchase food, cloathing, and shelter for an equal period: yet here is a sum equal to my whole income and expense laid out upon this flimsy web, to be wore for half a night, while the wearer walks, in measured pace, up and down a room. I am acquainted with at least eight indigent, but laborious families, all whose house-rent, for a year, does not exceed four hundred dollars. Pray who is the purchaser?"

"'Tis Mrs. Zary, the wife of a man whose rice-hogs and black-slaves bring him about eight thousand dollars a year. He can well afford to pay so trifling a sum as four hundred dollars for a ball-dress for his wife. She means not to go to the same expense twice in the same season."

"True," said I, as I left the shop, "as you say, he is rich and can afford it."

Luxury and profusion are not to be always measured by the actual amount of what is laid out on ostentation or on baubles, but by the proportion which the sums thus expended bear to the income and the necessary expences of the prodigal. Twenty dollars, given by a clerk in the same office with myself, for a fowling-piece, bears the same proportion to his salary as four hundred dollars do to the revenue of Mr. Zary, and is, perhaps, an instance of far more pernicious prodigality.

If Mr. Zary, during his late residence in England, had asked Lord Eardley how much his kennel of fox-hounds cost him, he would have been told—about two thousand pounds a year. "Lord!" would Zary have exclaimed, "what enormous waste! This man lays out, upon his pack of yelpers, a sum equal to my whole revenue!" yet Mr. Zary can, without compunction, disburse, for a gratification inexpressibly more transitory and ridiculous, a sum bearing as large a proportion to *his* revenue as two thousand sterling is to the forty thousand per annum of Lord Eardley.

When I was in Europe, Earl Courtney, of Devon, gave an entertainment to a great company of Devonshire and Cornish gentry. It was to celebrate his son's birth-day, which chanced to coincide with the christian festival. To this feast, among a great number of similar articles, were furnished two thousand baskets of fresh strawberries, at half a guinea a piece, and more than nine hundred pints of *green peas*, at a guinea a pint. These two articles, devoured or wasted in about the same time that Mrs. Zary is allowed to wear her ball-room habit, amount therefore to about as much as the year's expense of Lord Eardley's kennel; and bore, it is likely, even a less proportion to the Courtney's revenue.

Excessive and outrageous as this prodigality may seem to some, it is a doubt with me whether the puerile and selfish ostentation of the American lady be not far more unjustifiable and despicable than the fox-hounds of Eardley, which afford a whole year's amusement connected with effects not injurious to activity or health, or than the green peas and fresh strawberries at Christmas of the Courtneys, from which upwards of a thousand persons drew a direct, though momentary gratification.

In a ball-room habit there is no scope for any passion but the most absurd vanity in the wearer, and a childish rivalship and envy in the spectators. Hunting and feasting allow a man to admit his friends to a share of his amusement; and the builder, butcher and gardner, are ultimately benefited by the profusion of their lordships; but if a kind of expense, the most frivolous, transient, selfish, and productive of the smallest benefit to others were sought, a sagacious inquirer would be apt to decide in favour of a lady's ball-room dress. So, at least, decides a

CYNIC.

PASSION.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was very choleric, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider became very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury. The horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, returned his treatment by kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him, coolly, "Be quiet, be quiet, and shew yourself the wiser of the two."

It is idle to attempt to talk a young woman in love out of her passion....love does not lie in the ear.

ON EARLY ATTACHMENTS.

It is a common remark, that friendships formed in childhood are most permanent: but observation and experience will lead us to doubt its truth, and to believe that the intimacy between children of the same age rarely continues to years of maturity. In youth, absence or a change of fortune, weakens or destroys the sentiment of friendship. Early attachments, it will be found, are often unfavourable in their impressions, and injurious in their consequences.

As soon as we become capable of investigating the characters of men, we begin with the study of those of our juvenile associates. Through inexperience, imbecility, or caprice, we suffer them to fall from our affection without an effort to retain them. The ingenuous and worthy are often rejected, while we bestow our esteem, and lavish our caresses on the artful and undeserving.

Matilda and Felicia were natives of the same town, and of the same age. They were educated together until the age of seventeen, when Matilda was sent to a distant part of the country to complete her education in a boarding-school.

Frequent communications by letter beguiled the tedious lapse of a year; at the expiration of which time, Matilda returned with a heart glowing with affection for Felicia. They were equals in fortune; but Matilda was superior in beauty and elegant accomplishments. She loved to be admired, but wished to have but one intimate acquaintance from whom she could claim unbounded confidence and unlimited attention. Tho' arbitrary on this subject, in regard to Felicia, yet she always treated her with kindness. Felicia had several favourites of her own sex, by whom she was beloved. Her frankness and unconscious simplicity of manners and conversation, rendered her society always delightful to them, and amusing to her superiors. She displayed a lively curiosity and much intelligence. Felicia could not boast of regular features, a brilliant complexion, or a fine form; but she possessed a countenance always expressive of her sentiments, and eyes which reflected the image of her soul. Health glowed in her cheeks; activity gave ease and spirit to the motion of her limbs.

As their dwellings were contiguous, they were scarcely separated for a day. They walked, read, worked, conversed, and sung in concert. Wherever they went, peace followed their footsteps. Though opposite in tempers, they were never discordant. Equality of fortune preserved the one from servility, the other from superciliousness.

Both actively benevolent, they spent many hours in the cottages of the poor and afflicted, administering to their wants, and alleviating their sorrow.

Thus smoothly flowed the stream of time until they reached their eighteenth year; when Felicia, for the first time, bade adieu to her native walks, her parents, and her friends, to visit a relation who was just married in a distant metropolis. The mutual promise of a frequent interchange of copious epistles, soothed the sorrow of separation.

A few weeks after the departure of Felicia, Matilda, by the death of a near relation, became heiress to an ample fortune. She did not fail to make this change of fortune known to her friend, who returned her the warmest congratulations.

Mistress of a splendid mansion, numerous domestics, and surrounded by a crowd of admirers, who poured into her ear their baleful adulations, Matilda scarce thought on her absent and humble friend. She soon read the frequent and charming epistles of Felicia without emotion, and never replied to her pathetic complaints of negligence or forgetfulness. She forgot her studies, former companions, and thought no more on the children of adversity.

Two years thus passed away, when Matilda selected from her train of suiters, one of inferior capacity, but rich. She loved him, no doubt; but she would have loved him less without a fortune. During the preparation of the intended nuptials, Felicia informed her friend that she should return to her father's house in a week at farthest, to make arrangements for a projected journey to the south. The day preceding her arrival, Matilda gave her hand to Albert. Mirth and congratulations re-echoed through the spacious mansion. They seemed above the mutability of fortune, and beyond the reach of discontent. Amid this gay prosperity, the image of Felicia was not suffered to approach. The lowly children of poverty and worth could here gain no admittance. However modest their deportment, and eloquent their speech, it would have been temerity to have entered this courtly dwelling. One would almost have said with Diogenes, "They lived as if they were never to die."

The parents of Felicia gave a circumstantial narration of the incidents and events that had occurred in her absence; adding their suspicions that she no longer lived in the fond remembrance of Matilda. This information accounted for the unfriendly silence of her beloved companion, but could not impart satisfaction to the ingenious mind of Felicia. Eager to embrace the friend of her infant years, and mingle forgiveness with the tears of genuine affection, she hied to the new habitation of Matilda. After much ceremony, she was ushered into her apartment. Matilda was dressing. "My dear Matilda," cried Felicia, embracing her, "how happy do I feel at seeing you again. I feared you had forgotten me," she said, while tears of joy stole down her cheeks and dropped warm on the bosom of her friend. To these ardent testimonies of affection, Matilda returned a cool salutation, and asked her to be seated.

Shocked by this conduct, Felicia burst into tears, and earnestly inquired if she had offended. To which Matilda haughtily replied, "You

know that I can love but one object at the same time. I no longer feel delight at your approach. One being, alone, possesses my heart and my fortune. You will envy me my happiness in being united to a man of worth and opulence. My wealth will always procure me ease and abundance. Your condition is now too lowly to render you a suitable companion. Indeed, we should think that your presence would cast a shade on our splendour. To me you are indebted for that society to which you are now admitted. Your poverty would have kept you concealed in obscurity had not my benevolence conducted you to the fashionable walks of life."

"I knew not," replied Felicia, "that I was indebted to you for the society I at present enjoy. You were once my equal in fortune, and my claims to that enjoyment are not inferior to your own." "Recal not to mind my former condition," peevishly returned Matilda; "leave me, nor visit me again, for I wish to forget you forever." Felicia, though hurt at the injustice of one she had thought her friend, replied, "I have always loved you, and shall continue to feel an interest in your welfare. Whatever is your situation, may it be happy." In pronouncing these words, tears trickled down her cheeks, and, as she bade adieu, her trembling limbs scarce bore her from the dwelling.

They seldom meet but in public, and then without exchange of civilities. Thus do they live in a state of indifference, neither loving nor despising each other. Matilda knows that Felicia is too good to injure another, and Felicia is content to resign a friend so unreasonable and capricious, for one whose maxims of conduct are more just, and whose sentiments are more congenial to her own.

PLACENTIA: A CHARACTER.

.....Long she flourished,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye.
OTWAY.

LONG has the epithet, "Old Maid," been considered as a term of reproach; and long has this unfortunate class of the fair sex been hunted down, like the timid hare, because they possess not power to repel the repeated attacks of the ungenerous and unfeeling of both sexes. Insensate must that heart be, which can refuse a tear of commiserative pity to the female whose virtue and tender sensibility may have placed her on the list of antiquated virgins. Placentia, in the bloom of youth, when the roseate hue of health adorned her vivid cheek; when each succeeding year presented still a fairer prospect, received the addresses of young Philander: two happy years passed away in all the sweets of courtship: the gentle Placentia, whose tongue ever spoke the dictates of her heart, nor ever vibrated on the ear but in accents of the purest, most ingenuous truth, suspected not perfidity in him who had long enjoyed her confidence, and whose heart she thought she possessed in exchange for her own....Mistaken fair! The false Philander deserved not such a heart. His groveling soul never felt the soft emotions of real love. Skilled in the arts of base dissimulation, a pretended passion flowed from his delusive tongue, while his heart remained

"Cold as a dead lover's statue on a tomb."

He did not rob her of her virtue? No; that was guarded by a superior power; but he robbed her of her affection—he robbed her of her peace of mind; he plunged an ideal dagger in her soul, and then like the dark assassin, left her, a deserted wanderer on the world's wide common.

Placentia sustained the keenest anguish, with a virtuous fortitude that would have added glory to the name of Portia. Oft, when the tear has started in her eye, checking the impulse of grief, she would exclaim, "Go false youth, *you* have triumphed, it is true; but never shall *another* flatterer say, that Placentia listened to his idle tale—no, I abjure the sex! I fly from them for ever."

In spite of her fortitude, however, memory would present his image to her fancy; nor could her reluctant bosom suppress the rising sigh.—On a small paternal fortune she had since retired to the country, where mild benevolence, and meek-eyed charity, attend her every action: from her door the distressed traveller never retires unrelieved; the laborious sons of poverty, in the surrounding village, never sink on the bed of sickness for want of her consolatory assistance, nor does declining age drop neglected to the grave, while Placentia possesses ought that can protract the faint flame of life. She encourages matrimonial connections among the young rustics of the village, for she is conscious that matrimony, when attended by virtue, is the happiest state of mortality; but she is conscious also, that *she* cannot enjoy that happiness. A variety of overtures have been made to induce her to change her condition, but in vain; her bosom, unlike that of the volatile coquette, is incapable of a second passion. Advantage has often been urged, by her friends, as a plea; but her answer always is, "I hope I possess more generosity than to give my hand where my heart cannot accompany it." Thus is she proof against every attack; yet it cannot be said that she is lost to the world....no; perhaps in a single state, she is of more essential service to humanity, than if her hand had been in the possession of the perfidious Philander, nay, even if he had been worthy of her; for Placentia is one of those old maids who take virtue for their model, and whose actions are guided by motives of the purest philanthrophy.

HORATIO.

GOSSIPIANA.

MEDITATIONS ON A PUDDING, BY DR. JOHNSON, IN PLAYFUL FANCY.

Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour, that once waved in the golden grain, and drank of the dews of the morning; of milk, pressed from the swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous milk-maid, whose beauty

and innocence might have recommended a worse draught, who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, and formed no plans for the destruction of her fellow creatures. Milk which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal, that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation; an egg contains matter within its beautiful smooth surface, and an unformed mass, which by the incubation of the parent becomes, a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. Let us consider, can there be more wanted to complete this meditation on a pudding! if more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction; salt, which is made the image of intellectual essence, contributes to the formation of a pudding.

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.

An house, not an hundred miles from Fleet market, in possession of an Undertaker, being lately advertised to be disposed of, the following label was fixed on a *Coffin* before the door:—"*This tenement to be let for a lease of three lives.*"

CHINESE.

The Chinese have little or no taste, but in imitation they stand unrivalled. A gentleman wishing to have a silk coat made in that country, sent out, as a pattern, an old coat, which unfortunately had a patch on one elbow. The silk coat was made an exact counterpart of that sent—*Not forgetting the patch.*

CYRUS.

Cyrus, when a youth, being at the court with his grandfather, Astyages, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the king. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather. The king reminded him of his omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. "No," replied Cyrus, "I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor: for not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic; even you, sir, seemed to have forgotten you were a king."

ALEXANDER.

Alexander demanded of a *pirate*, whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas? "By the same right," replied he, boldly, "that you enslave the world. But I am called a *robber*, because I have only *one small vessel*, and *you* are stiled a conqueror, because you command *great fleets and armies*."

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES V.

When Charles the Fifth had resigned the sceptre of Spain, and the imperial crown of Germany, he retired to the monastery of St. Justus, near the city of Placentia, in Estremadura. It was situate in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Here he cultivated with his own hands the plants in his garden, and sometimes he rode out to a neighbouring wood on a little horse, attended only by a single servant on foot. When his infirmities confined him to his apartment, and deprived him of these more active recreations, he either admitted a few gentlemen who resided near the monastery to visit him, and entertained them familiarly at his own table; or he employed himself in studying mechanical principles, and in forming works of mechanism, of which he had always been remarkably fond, and to which his genious was peculiarly turned. He was extremely curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches, and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go *exactly alike*, he reflected with a mixture of surprise, as well as regret, on his own folly (as he might also on his own cruelty and injustice) in having exerted himself with so much zeal and perseverance in the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to an uniformity of sentiment concerning the doctrines of religion. Happy would it have been for Europe if this just and striking analogy had occured to the monarch during the plenitude of his power! And happy might it now prove, if allowed to operate, against the spirit of bigotry and persecution, which still actuates many individuals, and even large communities.

ADDISON.

Addison applies the following story to those critics who are more attentive to the faults, than to the beauties of *Paradise Lost*. —A famous critic having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had been just threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with *great industry and pleasure*, and after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the *chaff* for his pains.

SUETONIUS

Relates that a young officer, to whom Vespasian had given a commission, *perfumed* himself when he went to court to thank the Emperor for the honour conferred upon him. "*I should have been less offended if you had smelled of garlic*," said Vespasian; who was so disgusted with his foppery, that he immediately dismissed him from his employment.

DR. JOHNSON

Composed the Parliamentary speeches which at that time were published in the magazines, from the beginning of the session, which opened in November 1740, to the debate on Spirituous Liquors, which happened in the House of Lords in February 1742-3. The eloquence, the force of argument, and the splendor of language, displayed in the several speeches, are well known and universally admired. That Johnson was the author of the debates during that period was at that time not generally known; but the secret transpired several years afterwards, and was avowed by himself on the following occasion. Mr. Wedderburne (now Lord Loughborough) Dr. Johnson, Dr. Francis (the translator of Horace) Mr. Arthur Murphy, and others, dined with the late Mr. Foote. An important debate towards the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration being mentioned, Dr. Francis observed,

"That Mr. Pitt's speech on that occasion was the best he had ever read." He added, "That he had employed eight years of his life in the study of Demosthenes, and finished a translation of that celebrated orator, with all the decorations of style and language within the reach of his capacity, but he had attained nothing equal to the speech above-mentioned." Many of the company remembered the debate; and some passages were cited, with the approbation and applause of all present. During the ardor of conversation Johnson remained silent. As soon as the warmth of praise subsided, Dr. Johnson opened with these words:—"That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter-street." The company was struck with astonishment. After staring at each other in silent amaze, Dr. Francisasked, "how that speech could be written by him."—"Sir," said Johnson, "I wrote it in Exeter-street. I never had been in the gallery of the House of Commons but once. Cave * had interest with the door-keepers. He, and the persons employed under him, gained admittance: they brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the side they took, and the order in which they rose, together with the notes of the arguments advanced in the course of the debate. The whole was afterwards communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form which they now have in the Parliamentary debates." To this discovery Dr. Francis made answer:—"Then, sir, you have exceeded Demosthenes himself; for to say that you have exceeded Francis's Demosthenes, would be saying nothing." The rest of the company followed up this with a volume of encomiums.

MELANCHOLY FATE OF GENIUS.

THE fate of men of genius has sometimes been singularly unfortunate. *Plautus* turned a mill; *Terrence* was a slave; *Bœtius* died in a goal; *Paulo Borghese* had 14 different trades, yet starved with all; *Tasso* was often distressed for five shillings; *Bentivoglio* was refused admission into an hospital which he himself erected; *Butler's* talents were not fifty pounds advantage to the possessor; but the name he acquired induced an alderman to erect a monument to his memory; *Cervantes* and *Otway* died of hunger; *Camæns* ended his days in an hospital, and *Vaugelas* left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts, as far as it would go.—Such melancholy instances are on record. Such things were, we are also afraid that such things *are!*

* The proprietor of the Magazine.

THE BEAUTIES

OF THE LATE

MARY WOOLSTONCRAFT GODWIN,

Author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." Carefully selected from her various publications, for the entertainment and instruction of the rising generation.

(From Travels into Sweden, Norway and Denmark)

JOURNEY TO STROMSTAD.

Approaching the frontiers, consequently the sea, nature resumed an aspect ruder and ruder, or rather seemed the bones of the world waiting to be clothed with every thing necessary to give life and beauty. Still it was sublime.

The clouds caught their hue of the rocks that menaced them. The sun appeared afraid to shine, the birds ceased to sing, and the flowers to bloom; but the eagle fixed his nest high among the rocks, and the vulture hovered over this abode of desolation. The farm houses, in which only poverty resided, were formed of logs scarcely keeping off the cold and drifting snow; out of them the inhabitants seldom peeped, and the sports or prattling of children was neither seen nor heard. The current of life seemed congealed at the source: all were not frozen; for it was summer, you remember; but every thing appeared so dull, that I waited to see ice, in order to reconcile me to absence of gaiety.

The day before, my attention had frequently been attracted by the wild beauties of the country we passed through.

The rocks which tossed their fantastic heads so high were often covered with pines and firs, varied in the most picturesque manner. Little woods filled up the recesses, when forests did not darken the scene; and vallies and glens, cleared of the trees, displayed a dazling verdure which contracted with the gloom of the shading pines. The eye stole into many a covert where tranquillity seemed to have taken up her abode, and the number of little lakes that continually presented themselves, added to the peaceful composure of the scenery. The little cultivation which appeared did not break the enchantment, nor did the castles rear their turrets aloft to crush the cottages, and prove that man is more savage than the natives of the woods. I heard of the bears, but never saw them stalk forth, which I was sorry for; I wished to have seen one in its wild state. In the winter, I am told, they sometimes catch a stray cow, which is a heavy loss to the owner.

The farms are small. Indeed most of the houses we saw on the road indicated poverty, or rather that the people could just live. Towards the frontiers they grew worse and worse in their appearance, as if not willling to put sterility itself out of countenance. No gardens smiled round the habitations, not a potatoe or cabbage to eat with the fish drying on a stick near the door. A little grain here and there appeared, the long stalks of which you might almost reckon. The day was gloomy when we passed over this rejected spot, the wind bleak, and winter seemed to be contending with nature, faintly struggling to change the season. Surely, thought I, if the sun ever shines here, it cannot warm these stones; moss only cleaves to them, partaking of their hardness; and nothing like vegetable life appears to cheer with hope the heart.

So far from thinking that the primitive inhabitants of the world lived in a southern climate, where Paradise arose, I am led to infer, from various circumstances, that the first dwelling of man happened to be a spot like this which led him to adore a sun so seldom seen; for this worship, which probably preceded that of demons or demi-gods, certainly never began in a southern climate, where the continual presence of the sun prevented its being considered as a god; or rather the want of it never being felt, this glorious luminary would carelessly have diffused its blessing without being hailed as a benefactor. Man must therefore have been placed in the north, to tempt him to run after the sun, in order that the different parts of the earth might be peopled. Nor do I wonder that hordes of barbarians always poured out of these regions to seek for milder climes, when nothing like cultivation attached them to the soil; especially when we take into the view that the adventuring spirit, common to man, is naturally stronger and more general during the infancy of society. The conduct of the followers of Mahomet, and the crusa-

ders, will sufficiently corroborate my assertion.

NIGHT.

The evening was fine, as is usual at this season; and the refreshing odour of the pine woods became more perceptible; for it was nine o'clock when we left Fredericshall. At the ferry we were detained by a dispute relative to our Swedish passport, which we did not think of getting countersigned in Norway. Midnight was coming on; yet it might with such propriety have been termed the noon of night, that had Young ever travelled towards the north, I should not have wondered at his becoming enamoured of the moon. But it is not the queen of night alone who reigns here in all her splendor, though the sun, loitering just below the horizon, decks her with a golden tinge from his car, illuminating the cliffs that hide him; the heavens also, of a clear softning blue, throw her forward, and the evening star appears a lesser moon to the naked eye. The huge shadows of the rocks, fringed with firs, concentrating the views, without darkening them, excited that tender melancholy, which sublimating the imagination, exalts, rather than depresses the mind.

My companions fell asleep:—fortunately they did not snore; and I contemplated, fearless of idle questions, a night such as I had never before seen or felt to charm the senses, and calm the heart. The very air was balmy, as it freshened into morn, producing the most voluptuous sensations. A vague pleasurable sentiment absorbed me, as I opened my bosom to the embraces of nature; and my soul rose to its author, with the chirping of the solitary birds, which began to feel, rather than see, advancing day. I had leisure to mark its progress. The grey morn, streaked with silvery rays, ushered in the orient beams,—how beautifully varying into purple!—yet, I was very sorry to lose the soft watry clouds which preceded them, exciting a kind of expectation that made me almost afraid to breathe, lest I should break the charm. I saw the sun—and sighed.

AFFECTION.

Nature is the nurse of sentiment,—the true source of taste;—yet what misery, as well as rapture, is produced by a quick perception of the beautiful and sublime, when it is exercised in observing animated nature when every beauteous feeling and emotion excites responsive sympathy, and the harmonized soul sinks into melancholy, or rises to extasy, just as the chords are touched, like the Æolian harp, agitated by the changing wind. But how dangerous is it to foster these sentiments in such an imperfect state of existence; and how difficult to eradicate them when an affection for mankind, a passion for an individual, is but the unfolding of that love which embraces all that is great and beautiful!

When a warm heart has received strong impressions, they are not to be effaced. Emotions become sentiments; and the imagination renders even transient sensations permanent, by fondly retracing them. I cannot without a thrill of delight, recollect views I have seen, which are not to be forgotten,—nor looks I have felt in every nerve which I shall never more meet. The grave has closed over a dear friend, the friend of my youth; still she is present with me, and I hear her soft voice warbling as I stray over the heath. Fate has separated me from another, the fire of whose eyes, tempered by infantine tenderness, still warms my breast; even when gazing on these tremendous cliffs, sublime emotions absorb my soul. And, smile not, if I add, that the rosy tint of morning reminds me of a suffusion which will never more charm my senses, unless it re-appears on the cheeks of my child. Her sweet blushes I may yet hide in my bosom, and she is still too young to ask why starts the tear, so near akin to pleasure and pain!

SPECTACLES OF MORTALITY AT TONSBERG.

In its church there is a little recess full of coffins, which contains bodies embalmed long since—so long, that there is not even a tradition to lead to a guess at their names.

A desire of preserving the body seems to have prevailed in most countries of the world, futile as it is to term it a preservation, when the noblest parts are immediately sacrificed merely to save the muscles, skin and bone from rottenness. When I was shewn these human petrifactions, I shrunk back with disgust and horror. "Ashes to ashes!" thought I—"Dust to dust!"—If this be not desolution, it is something worse than natural decay—It is treason against humanity, thus to lift up the awful veil which would fain hide its weakness. The grandeur of the active principle is never more strongly felt than at such a sight; for nothing is so ugly as the human form when deprived of life, and thus dried into stone, merely to preserve the most disgusting image of death. The contemplation of noble ruins produces a melancholy that exalts the mind. We take a retrospect of the exertions of man, the fate of empires and their rulers; and marking the grand destruction of ages, it seems the necessary change of time leading to improvement.—Our very soul expands, and we forget our littleness; how painfully brought to our recollection by such vain attempts to snatch from decay what is destined so soon to perish. Life, what art thou? Where goes this breath? this *I*, so much alive? In what element will it mix, giving or receiving fresh energy?—What will break the enchantment of animation?—For worlds, I would not see a form I loved—embalmed in my heart—thus sacrilegiously handled!—Pugh! my stomach turns.—Is this all the distinction of the rich in the grave?—They had better quickly allow the scythe of equality to mow them down with the common mass, than struggle to become a monument of the instability of human greatness.

The teeth, nails, and skin were whole, without appearing black like the Egyptian mummies; and some silk, in which they had been wrapt, still preserved its colour, pink, with tolerable freshness.

I could not learn how long the bodies had been in this state, in which they bid fair to remain till the day of judgment; and, before that time, it will require some trouble to make them fit to appear in company with angels, without disgracing humanity. God bless you! I feel a conviction that we have some perfectible principle in our present vestment, which will not be destroyed just as we begin to be sensible of the improvement; and I care not what habit it next puts on, sure that it will be wisely formed to suit a higher state of existence. Thinking of death makes us tenderly cling to our affections....with more than usual tenderness, I therefore assure you that I am your's, wishing that the temporary death of absence may not endure longer than is absolutely necessary.

(To be continued)

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S ARCADIA.

[CONCLUDED.]

Weeping Cupid told his weeping mother, that he was sorry he was not deaf as well as blind, that he might not hear such pitiful complains of the virgins.

Those diamonds of the world whom nature hath preciously set in the eyes of men, to be the chief works of her workmanship.

They kindled their courage at the torches of his eyes; prodigious comets of a deluge of blood.

This smooth calm came only to make them the more sensible of the succeeding tempest.

Her face was the register of nature's wonders.

Her arms and her tongue were rivals in embracing him.

The blood of her face ebbed and flowed according to the tide of affection.

Be bold my tongue, for though my cheeks blush they cover you.

E'er the morning star began to retire, as giving place to a greater light, whose coming as a forerunner, it had only waked the world to attend.

Under foot the ground seemed mineral, yielding such a glistering shew of gold in it, as they say the river Tagus carries in his sandy bed.

His mind is but yet a prentice in the painful mystery of passions.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK.

The night is the first begotten child of time, the day being only an usurper upon her delightful inheritance.

I am happy only in this, that I cannot be more wretched.

Far more honourable will it be for your tomb, to have the blood of your murderers sprinkled upon it, than the tears of your friends.

He loved not him but his fortune, like those vermin, that suck the living blood, and leave the body as soon as it is dead.

Confidence in one's self is the chief nurse of magnanimity, which confidence notwithstanding doth not leave the care of necessary furnitures for it: and, therefore, of all the Grecians Homer doth ever make Archilles the best armed.

Our love can no more be diminished by these showers of evil hap, than flowers are married with the timely rains of April.

The palm-tree thrives most upward when he is most burdened.

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK.

Such convulsions never come to a state but the life of the government of it draws near to its necessary period.

He desired to know how the people's mind would sway to this determination.

His best building was a well-framed conscience.

This can no otherwise be shadowed out by the skilfulest pencil, than by covering it over with the veil of silence.

This province being spoiled of its guide, doth lie like a ship without a pilot, tumbling up and down in the uncertain waves, till it either run itself upon the rocks of self-division, or be overthrown by the stormy wind of foreign force.

Having closely imprisoned her, she was left more fully to suffer the firebrands of her own thoughts, especially when it grew dark, and she had nothing left by her but a lit lamp, whose small light to a perplexed mind, might rather yield fearful shadows than an assured light.

Fear, is the underminer of all determinations, and necessity the victorious rebel of all laws.

The fairer a diamond is, the more pity it is it should receive a blemish.

Fortifying courage with the true rampier of patience.

Here you have the thread to guide you in the labyrinth, this man of his tongue hath made so monstrous use.

Here you see the true discourse which the mountebank fashion doth make so wide a mouth over.

Laws are not made, like lime-twigs or nets, to catch every thing that toucheth them, but rather like seamarks, to avoid the shipwreck of ignorant passengers.

New-York,

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1802.

THE PUBLIC

ARE respectfully informed that, in order to make this publication more interesting, the Editor has taken into co-partnership Mr. A. FORMAN, a gentleman well calculated for the arduous task of conducting a literary publication. The Editors think it unnecessary to re-publish the prospectus, or to state a column of promises; they will be assiduous in their efforts to please those who honour them with a perusal of their labours, and thankful for a continuance of their patronage. Letters and papers may be hereafter addressed to HEARD AND FORMAN.

N. B. Their Office is removed to the corner of Pearl and Wall-streets, near the Tontine Coffee-House.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. THOMAS R. MERDIN, to Miss MARIA STANSBURY, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, the Rev. EVAN ROGERS, of Rye, to Miss POLLY RUSSEL, daughter of Mr. Abraham Russel, of this city.

DIED,

In South Carolina, Hon. EDANUS BURKE, Æt. 59, one of the Chancellors of the state. He was a native of Galway, in Ireland. As a patriot, he was ardent; as a Judge inflexibly just; as a writer luminous; as a man honest, yet eccentric. He was a member of the first Congress under the present constitution.

At Charleston, JOHN B. WILLIAMSON, Esq. formerly manager of the Boston Theatre.

Parnassian Garland.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY TO HER SEDUCER.

MAY gloomy phantoms haunt your night's repose,
And horrid spectres, big with mighty woes,
Glare round your room, and on your pillow light,
Blast the sweet blessings of a peaceful night:
And when Aurora, with her orient bright,
Gladdens each eye with her translucent light,
May you, alone, rise wretched from your bed,
And curse the light that sparkles round your head.
And still continue, with poluted breath,
To curse your days, and that which gave you birth.
Ah! cursed thou of all the human kind;
Stranger to manhood, and to reason blind.
Inglorious thought! One of the first of men
To stigmatize your name, your nature blend;
Tainting pure air with your contagious breath,
And in a softened soul plant seeds of death.
And every breast, that beats with sacred fires,
You strive to level with your base desires;
To rob the sweetness of a virtuous mind
Has been the fellness of your black design;
To taint the purer principles within,
And brand them with the characters of sin.
Whether you hit or miss your foul intent,
On such ignoble themes your soul is bent:
Your sordid studies, in a leisure hour,
All sacred rules of honour to devour.
Impostor! wretch! the stain of all mankind!
How can I live and not curse thy basest mind?
This earth that bore so much polution, sure
Shook from its centre in that baleful hour!
Astonished Nature trembled with the fright!
Orbs veil'd their faces at the horrid sight!
The weeping planets on each other gaz'd!
Nature was blackened, and the world amaz'd!
The darkened clouds, that swept the frighted sky,
Veil'd the whole system with a sable dye;
While earth and sea, in one continual round,
Echo'd, with horror, the tremendous sound!
Sware, oh, ye heavens, by your annals high,
To grant my wishes, and I'll freely die:
Let me but live to banish from the land
The chief of wretches, this perfidious man;
More fell than Satan, with his whole divan!
But stop, my Muse, a discord here I find;
Strange are the emotions glowing in my mind.
Again I feel my inward bosom burn;
Ah, must its once-forgotten heat return?
Oh, my wrack'd soul, severe is this contest
Of jarring passions crowding in my breast;
My thoughts divide, and at each other start;
Convolve in revolutions round my heart.
Love, pride and anger in their rapid course
Burns, each unconquer'd, each with equal force.
Clos'd be my eyes, detested is the scene;
Though more than half is smother'd still within:
Once more will I attack their fierce return,
Put out the first, and let the other burn.
Yet, could you view those warring motions round,
You'd see my palpitating heart yet bound;
Beating the breast that bleeds with every wrong,
While curse of curses echo from my tongue.
But I must stop and banish from my mind
All tender feelings of the human kind;
Borrow of Satan his infernal breath
To breathe on you the horrid chills of death:
This pause is short, incensed wrath returns;
My bosom with indignant fury burns.
Hence quit this earth; forever shun the just,
And in a cavern, deep, live there accurst:
Or in a tygeon gulph your fate deplore,
And dwell with Cerberus in hell for evermore!
With hedious howls your gloomy cave resound,
Whilst haggard monsters echo to the sound:
Daughters of Fury, with their frightful shapes,
Hang round your neck and kiss your trembling lips.
There you may practice fraud, and low deceit;
Kiss their claw'd hands, or grovel at their feet;
Sporting at leisure, tell your wanton tales;
Address foul Hydra with long-studied wiles;
When your fell bosom is to their's allied,
May *placid* Tisiphone be your awful bride.
Screaming, distraction, and fierce, rugged pains,
With every other curse that hell contains!
Grim skeletons and ghosts, with horrid strides,
Dance round your couch, salute you and your bride:
May fogs arise from Styx, moisten your bowers,
And Acheron on them distill his fiery showers:
Erebus, too, with all his riv'lets run
Down your vile neck and scorch your perjur'd tongue:
Your bosom with tartarian horror fill;
Your heart impregnate with each burning rill.

AN ACROSTIC.

M INERVA'S wisdom and a Venus' face
I n her bright image can admirers trace;
S he, lovely nymph, without coquettish art,
S oon captivates and holds each youthful heart.

C aptur'd by you I yield a willing slave,
O smile, Cornelia, your adorer save;
R eceive, with open arms, a youth who 's true,
N one else he loves, and sighs for only you.
E ndearing happiness awaits his choice,
L iving will love, and live but to rejoice.
I need not ask who'd view such matchless charms,
A nd in his breast not feel love's soft alarms?

G ods! must she long, with uncontrouled sway,
O n all beholders Cupid's arrows play?
U ndone I die. If you but smile on me,
L iving I'll hope, and bless'd forever be:
D eign but to smile, I, craving, bend the knee.

CLIO.

SELECTED.

ZEBRON AND ZABOR.

A BEAUTIFUL EPISODE IN MR. PRATT'S POEM, ENTITLED HUMANITY.

ZEBRON and *Zabor*, of the jetty race,
Were first in feature, and proportion'd grace;
Bright as the antelope their radiant eyes;
As the proud palm tree tower'd their equal size;
Both wore alike the tyger's speckled spoil,
Brothers in dress, in pastime and in toil.
Slaves tho' they were, even slavery had its charms,
For Zebron's comfort was in Zabor's arms;
And Zabor, fainting on the arid sand,
Was rear'd to joy by gentle Zebron's hand.
By bliss united much, by sorrow more
A Negro's fate they soften'd while they bore.
But love, at last a keener pang imparts,
For sable Zelia triumph's o'er their hearts;
Her skin of ebony bestow'd a grace,
That far outshone an alabaster face;
So thought the youths, with equal trust inspir'd,
With all their passion, all their climate, fir'd;
Each scorn'd to ravish, and each refus'd to yield,
And love and friendship both maintain'd the field;
Devouring torments spread the mutual, flame
But still their friendship, still their love the same;
When beauteous Zelia in their view appears,
Zebron and Zabor melt in mutual tears;
Oft both, embracing to renounce her swear,
And friendship seems to link them in despair;
At length their conflicts, big with ev'ry grief
And ev'ry passion, sought a dire relief:
At close of day, as Zelia trac'd the wood,
The lovers follow'd, and before her stood;
The wand'ring maid, too fatal in her charms,
Now snatch'd to Zebron's, now to Zabor's arms;
The fondest vows that ever lovers swore,
The deepest groans that ever heav'd they pour;
Then with clos'd eyes and heads reclin'd they dart
Their mutual daggers in her bounding heart;
Speechless she fell—her sobs their shrieks confound,
They clasp the victim, and they kiss the wound—
Then raise the poignards, streaming in her blood,
And with their own, augment the crimson flood.

DROLL EPITAPH.

HERE lies honest Ned,
Because he is dead:
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Then better than t'other;
Had it been his sister,
We should not have miss'd her;
But since 'tis honest Ned,
There's no more to be said.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY HEARD AND FORMAN,
AT THE COLUMBIAN PRINTING-OFFICE,
CORNER OF PEARL AND WALL-STREETS,
NEAR THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

1802.